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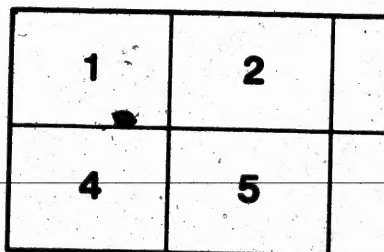
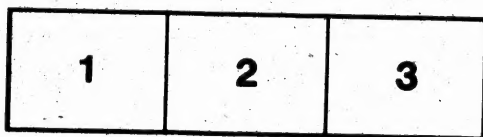
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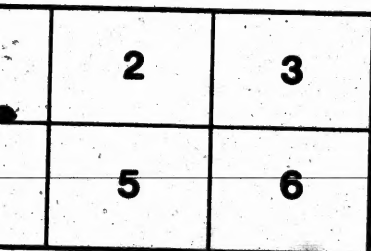
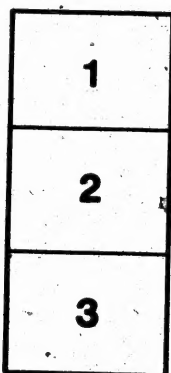
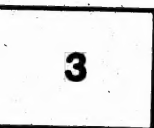
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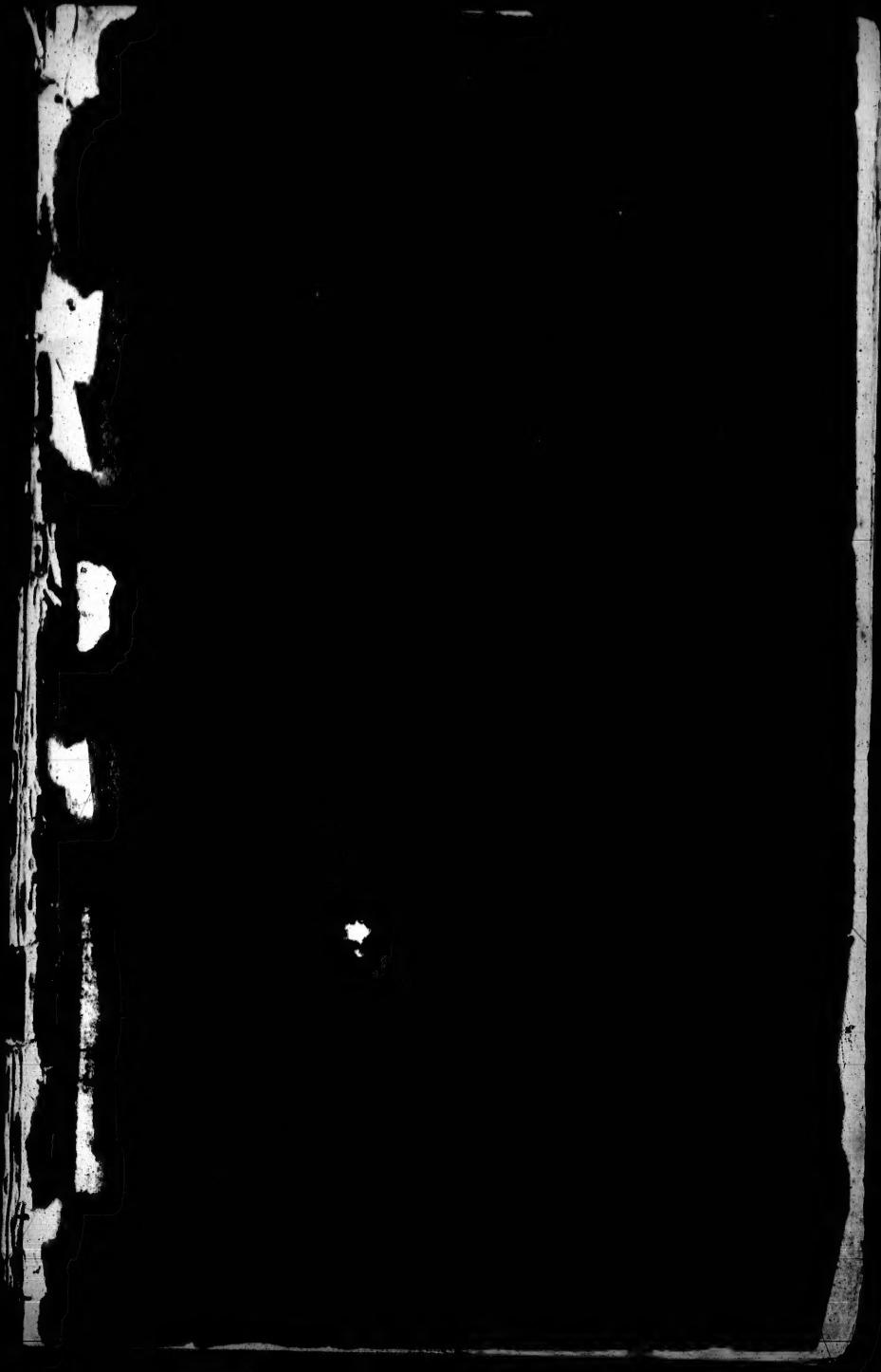
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THE SPIRIT OF LOVE;

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still and music of humanity.
Nor harsh, nor grating though of ample power
To chasten and subdue."

WORDSWORTH.

"Man's age of endless peace,
Which time is fast maturing,
Will swiftly, surely come."

SHELLEY.

TORONTO:

PRINTED BY J. OLELAND, KING STREET.

1846.

EVOLUTION

1064 ARGUMENT.

Introduction—History, a Record of Crime—Society constructed in opposition to Nature—Picture of a Prostitute—Reflections arising from the foregoing Picture—Soliloquy of a Misanthrope—Aspirations after a Purer State of Society—The Suicide, with a Digression arising from the subject—The Patriot—An Address to Liberty—Local Reflections—The Ballad Singer—The Martyr—Power of Knowledge—Science, the Great Reformer—Conclusion.

THE
SPIRIT OF LOVE

THE traveller shrouded in long night,
Looks wistful for the coming light,
Whose beams shall triumph o'er night's reign
And 'wake the world to light again;
So Virtue, 'mid a world of crime,
Anticipates the joyous time
When Love with all her beams unfurled,
Sun of the intellectual world,
When by codes and creeds unconfined
Shall shine o'er the wide realms of mind.

Be this my theme, may naught intrude,
Unborn of beautiful and good;
For if to vice my harp should lend
One tone the monster to defend,
Then would I tear its cords in twain,
And never wake its soul again.

Tho' history's page is writ in blood,
Polluted with a mighty flood
Of vice, upon whose troubled breast
The soul can find few spots of rest;
Though her revealing truly tell
How nations flourish'd and how fell;

How Virtue lived and was belied,
 And how she struggled and how died ;
 How Bigotry her brand has hurl'd
 At all the Saviours of the world,
 And planted thorns within the path
 Of every Child of Nazareth ;
 Forged fetters for the brave and free
 E'en in the name of liberty,
 And made dungeons the dwelling place
 Of the redeemers of our race ;
 But still, at intervals, a gleam
 Of love illuminates the scene ;
 E'en from the death of human hearts
 Some pure soul into being starts,
 Loves, weeps, and wearies for a day,
 Then dies of its own purity.

Society's every feature
 Proclaims treason against nature,
 And feeds the channels through which flow
 All human wretchedness and woe.
 What bosom bleeds not for the fate
 Of that houseless unfortunate !
 Yes ! there she stands, rest of her fame,
 Statue of sorrow, sin, and shame ;
 Yet in that form we still may trace
 The wreck of beauty and of grace.
 She hangs her head, as she'd elude
 The gaze of the cold multitude.
 There is a lonely wretchedness
 Lurks in her eyes, a consciousness
 Of the wild selfish humanity
 Claimed from her by society.

Hope in her heart has died away, now nothing
 Each thought is born of agony, from that anguish
 Perchance, her mind has wandered on
 To her once loved—once happy home,
 There she may be reinstated—
 No! that home she desolated.
 Now there are tears upon her cheek,
 But though of penitence they speak,
 If she'd dare resume virtue's track,
 Society would hunt her back,
 Death is her only refuge now;
 I see him nesting on her brow.
 Poor thing! with life have quickly done,
 God may have mercy, man has none.

Yet a fond, anxious mother, smiled
 Upon that being, when a child;
 Hope told her many a tender tale,
 How, as she near'd the gloomy vale,
 Of years, her darling child would be
 Her pride and her security.
 Poor wretch! and are thy dreams of bliss
 Summ'd up and ended all in this?
 Is this the triumph, God of Heaven!
 Of those who hope to be forgiven?
 O! then may virtue veil her face,
 And love weep for the human race.

O! wretchedness, where'er thou art,
 Whether gnawing the human heart,
 Or preying on the meanest thing
 Which crawls on earth, or soars on wing,
 Whatever form thou dost assume,
 Madness' stare, consumption's bloom—

Whether wasting a parasite's night
 Stealing lustre from beauty's eye;
 Or midst age's wrinkles at play;
 Or prompting premature decay;
 Or sundering fond hearts far and wide,
 Breaking the knots which nature tied;
 Or, giving old discord a place
 In circles love was wont to grace;
 Or, making the heart a slave
 In the lov'd land he'd die to save;
 In any shape, in any guise,
 Still, still "thou art an awful thing!"
 I scorn the philosopher who cries;
 Thou art a blessing in disguise;
 For all that lives, bows to a sense
 Of thy stern faggard countenance.

Earth, at most, is but a sea,
 Of death and mutability;
 Her fairest forms, tho' young, tho' gay,
 Contain the gangrene of decay.
 But love, eternal love alone,
 Sits smiling at the shafts of fate,
 And cannot, will not e'er depart
 From her own home—the human heart.
 Tho' hope, tho' ambition has gone,
 Yet love triumphant reigns alone;
 I've seen her busy in the mind,
 E'en of the basest of mankind,
 And recognized her gentle ray
 In his wildest, maddest day.
 Maddest he may be, but he cannot
 E'en while he lives, be wholly gone;
 —mould a not-quaint, grand, grand

O! I have wandered far and wide,
 And I am changed and all have paid;
 My feelings grown and withered now,
 And care has nettled on my brow,
 And lacerated my warm heart,
 And gnaws it still, and won't depart.
 My friends, I hope, and ambition's gone,
 And I am in the world alone.
 I bear its soulless mockery,
 But can't endure its charity;
 'Tis worse than scorn: I loathe to see
 Half mixtures of humanity.
 I'm sick of life, I loathe mankind,
 And I would wander far to find
 One, who, amidst this age of woe,
 Maintains an uncorrupted heart,
 An undiluted man,
 An adherent to nature's plan,
 Who scans each motive which controls
 The world's cold calculating souls,
 Whose human social sympathies
 Are boundless as the universe.
 The virtue, manliness, and truth,
 Which the warm feelings of my youth
 Ascrib'd to the whole human race,
 I find have no real dwelling place
 In human hearts: deceived self,
 And what this wicked world calls wealth,
 Are the true idols man has made,
 And to them devout homage paid,
 And all things, great, good, and divine,
 Are immolated at their shrine.

O! why draw pictures of the human kind,
While earth with wretchedness is cramm'd;
While hoary sinners creep apace, enfil'd
And pilfer in the house of God; while some but
While affections are bought and sold, and but
And consciences exchanged for gold; while but
While wickedness sits watching vice, and
Leagued with her, brother avails not; while
While black robed knaves set up their god,
To frighten and to fish the masses of the
While bigotry doth forge her chains,
To bound man's intellectual range;
While brutish ignorance and pride,
Stalk elevated side by side;
While credulous, boundless charity,
Is but a mere necessity;
While stars and garters, crowns and kings,
And war's mad glories are the things
The crowd adore; the virtuous breast,
Where love and hope have built their nest,
Must oft with indignation swell,
And call this world sufficient hell!
I have received the bubble's shout;
Then, like a recreant, hunted out
Of mine own land, I sought a den
Far, far from the haunts of men,
Where my sick soul might never see
Man's stretch'd humanity;
Yet from my happiness still fled,
For I've been unto misery led;
And if sorrow is still my fate,
Then I can quit a world I hate.

Earth were hidden a corner of an eye,
If love had not a dwelling there,
But wandering on, who has not met himself there,
With beings they can not forget
Whose existence was but longings
After a purer state of things,
Yes, there are hearts which bleed for crime,
Of every creed, of every clime,
Both sceptic, Jew, and Christian—
Creeds are as taught: heart every thing.

Earth has been shrouded in long night,
But love proclaims the dawning light,
And by her beams some souls have caught
A glimpse of a new world of thought,
Forms of transcendent loveliness
Conceived within the deep recess
Of genius, or dreamed that glow
Pure minds in an embodied form,
Like guardian angels, lead the way
Through her regions of purity,
Yes, mind is wrestling with sense,
Nature has found an utterance
In Wordsworth, Channing, Colidge, Scott,
Combe, and our own lov'd Bard of Hope,
Methinks I hear virtue exclaim,
Surely they have not lived in vain;
They dwell with me, and have the time,
When man shall forget vice and crime,
When charity shall be a deed,
(For charity's religion)
Like to Aaron's rod, and
All other feelings will atone.

When in the innermost bowers of thought,
Pure affection with knowledge fraught,
Shall build her temple, and embrace
Adam's regenerated race.

Love, ever blessed be thy beam,
The Poet's wildest, fondest dream,
All that the sages long'd to see,
Shall yet be realiz'd by thee,
Mind will attain its full stature;
Truth, immutable as nature,
Shall triumph; gory war shall cease;
Joy, smiling in the lap of peace,
Of true freedom, shall hail the birth,
And fix her residence on earth.

Society her bounds may set;
Love still finds some obscure outlet.
She cannot, will not blot a name,
Tho' link'd with deeds of sin and shame.
E'en now I feel the goddess bleed,
And all but justifies thy deed,
Poor suicide! too weak to bear
Thy burden, who will madly dare
Upon thy memory to brown,
Because you boldly threw it down,
Did domestic affliction tear
Thy heart, O! could it then not bear
To see existence, and live on,
When all you loved on earth was gone?
Perchance some loved, some virtuous child
Has called thee "father," thou hast said
And felt a pride, a joy, a bliss
Which none but fathers e'er can know,

With a loved partner through long years
 Found bliss e'en in the vale of years;
 Death must have hurried them away,
 And left thee to regret a prey
 With not an affection to plead,
 Or thou could'st ne'er have done this deed!
 Or did thy bosom never feel
 A home's endearments? didst thou steal
 Through existence, friendless and lone;
 And wife and children, hadst thou none?
 Didst thou buffet life's stormy sea
 With none to love or care for thee?
 Then, sick and weary of the task,
 Did'st willingly resign at last?
 Or, did man's inhumanity,
 His gold grasping insanity,
 Strain thy heart-strings, till they made thee
 The slave of sensibility?
 Yes; love whispers 'twas virtuous cares
 Before their time brought these grey hairs!
 Independence sat on that brow;
 To earth's idols thou would'st not bow;
 From each trammel thou'd set mind free,
 But found the world too strong for thee!
 Or did wealth constitute thy bliss,
 And loss of it drive thee to this?
 Or borne on passion's thundering flood,
 Didst thou commit a deed of blood?
 Or did the gloomy fiend remorse,
 Hunt thee e'en to this last resource,
 Whether weakness or misery
 Or madness or philosophy

It matters not, to thee lives was,
Which iron natures could not know,
And colder souls lack will to burst,
And still drag on their chains accur'd!
Love but beholds thee quit thy load,
And rush for refuge to thy God!

O! there are countless agonies
Which the vile world won't recognise;
O! there are emotions too deep
For utterance, eyes which ne'er weep,
Faces which wear joy's semblance,
Whose souls are sorrow's residence!
O! there are minds which are the prey
Of affections, which gnaw away
Their very being, and they die!
And colder souls but wonder why!
The joys, the sorrows they have felt,
The holy shrines at which they've knelt—
Their things of loveliness and worth,
Are folly to the sons of earth:
They know them not, they only see
A madness in their misery.
Flowers of the earth, hues of the sky,
Where love and beauty mingled lie,
The varied tones of harmony;
Nor the voice of philosophy
Can extort from their breasts a sigh.
Wise ones of earth, I pity ye!
I would not; no, I would not lose
One moment's converse with the muse
For your whole being, strife for wealth,
To offer to the dull god—self,

Forms your existence, and ye die
Unknown to love and harmony!

Music, sure thy tones were given
That earth might taste a joy of heaven,
That mind might catch thy purity ;
For heaven itself is harmony,
Ere thou had'st birth, frail man, the child
Of darkness roam'd his native wild,
With soul uncultur'd as his soil,
Unknown to art, disdaining toil.
Then superstition, mad, tho' blind,
Was monarch of the human mind ;
Thy tones were heard, knowledge had birth,
Fair science deign'd to visit earth,
With her the young affections flew,
Bearing emotions sweet and new ;
By thy tones so full of feeling,
Pity sought an earthly dwelling ;
Love sprung to being in a sigh,
By thy delicious witchery ;
Thy tones are destin'd yet to be
More lov'd than shouts of victory—
More powerful over human hearts
Than hero's swords or warlike arts ;
And by the breathings of thy lyre,
The demon, discord, shall expire,
For earth's grown weary of the reign
Of madness, misery, and pain.

Love, thou'rt lovely in any mien,
But holy, yea sacred when seen
Burning within the patriot's eye,
'Midst the tears of humanity ;

I've seen thee busy in his breast,
E'en while his thoughts were thus express'd.

I'd rather roam a trackless wild,
From all society exiled,
Or dwell forever on the main,
Which all earth's tyrants cannot chain,
Than tremblingly the voice obey
Of any creature form'd of clay.
Yes ; tho' in want ! O ! liberty,
I'd wander through the world with thee ;
With thee I'd fear no tyrant's rod,
And bow but to the hand of God :
Thy temple is the universe,
And all that lives, thy worshippers.
The meanest captive eye can see,
Offers a sincere prayer to thee.
The captive bird, tho' prison born,
Methinks has sadness in its song ;
What can these gusts of sweet sounds be,
But hymns warbled to liberty.

Where Wallace' oak, the patriot's pride,
Stand's tottering by the pathway side,
A giant semblance of decay,
Or Scotia's fading liberty,
A thousand times beneath that tree,
O ! freedom, I have worshipp'd thee ;
And then I deemed the very sod
Was sacred where thy hero trod.
O ! yes ; it was my first of joys,
When with a troop of wild school-boys
In mimic warlike pomp array'd,
We fought the Southern north thy shade ;

And sung, while to the charge we led,
"Scots who live or Wallace dead."
'Twas there I felt the patriot flame
First burn within my youthful frame,
(I feel its influence at this hour,)
And bow beneath its magic power;
And when I see the sons of toil
Famishing on their native soil,
Or seeking forest solitudes,
In hungry hopeless multitudes,
To fight with a new train of woes,
Or perish 'mid Canadian snows—
The feelings that I caught 'neath thee,
As fresh as in their infancy,
Burst forth in aspirations vain,
O! that thy hero liv'd again.

Tho' haunted by the steps of fate,
Tho' wand'ring poor and desolate,
Some form of lov'd recollection
Haunts the ruins of affection.
List to that poor ballad singer,
Whose wreck'd powers can hardly bring her
The very dregs of charity—
O! 'twas not thus in thy young day,
Poor Anna! many a heart beat quick,
And many a pulse unused to it,
When in thine own green native bower,
You sung at evening's holy hour;
Bent age and buoyant infancy
Listen'd enraptured to thy lay;
Then to thy death thou didst impart
A something 'yond the reach of art;

Thy spirit bleeded with thy voice,
 Whether you bade the heart rejoice,
 Or touch'd the cords of love and fear,
 Or dim'd the eye with pity's tear,
 I've listen'd while my young heart beat
 Most wildly, held communion sweet
 In that delicious dreamy mood,
 When all we know of pure and good,
 Is with us ; what a piteous wreck,
 Low humming, as thy heart would break.
 Thy mournful tones have hush'd to rest
 The famish'd infant on thy breast.
 Now thou turn'st thy voice to gladness,
 Tho' thy soul's surcharg'd with sadness,
 The theme is love ; thy tones aspire
 To something of their former fire.
 But e'en in this rebuff to care,
 I recognize thy voice, despair.
 Poor Anna ! thine eyeballs are dim,
 And reason is wavering within ;
 Yet still thy lineaments retain
 The glow of female pride and shame.
 Thy frenzy's of an holy cast,
 Born of, and living on the past,
 For him to whom thy heart was given,
 From thine arms, and his country driven
 To fight the battles of the few,
 Who will not deign to look on you ?
 Hope, for awhile, hush'd those alarms,
 All but restored him to thy arms,
 Then, with a woman's pride, you strove
 For that deprecating of your lover
 To turn his head from you, and look
 On some other woman's face, and not
 On yours.

But alas ! fond hope proved haggard,
 And the tale thy reason stagger'd
 Then suddenly you quit your home
 A hopeless widow'd wretch to roam ;
 Pursuing one wild form of bliss,
 The sport, the prey of restlessness.
 O love ! thy form is ever fair,
 E'en tho' thus wedded to despair !

Love lights her torch, e'en at the fire
 Where martyrs to free thought expire.
 Gaze on this picture, it is fraught
 With food for philosophic thought,
 That poor victim, desecr'd a ray
 Of pure divine philosophy,
 For which his home was a dungeon,
 Unvisited by the bless'd sun ;
 His brow is wrinkled as with care,
 Yet resolution's anthron'd there.
 That eye is fixed, these lips are mute ;
 There's eloquence he can't confute
 In yonder fire, whose lurid flame
 Shall ere an hour creep round his frame.
 Behind his back his hands are tied,
 Which ne'er in sanguine hue were dyed,
 And why scorn'd by that multitude ?
 He never was a man of blood ;
 Ne'er dogg'd to death the stricken deer,
 Why, like it, must he perish here ?
 What beings fit that pyre ? 'twas men ;
 And can he calmly die for them ?
 Eternal love ! thy sacred fire
 E'en on that pile can mount far higher.

Than passions, can triumph rise,
E'en over nature's agonies.

Earth has outgrown such damning deeds :
Still apostles to free thought bleed,
But knowledge and the sister arts
Shall people earth with human hearts
And sympathies, and make this hell
A heaven where happiness might dwell.
Even now mind is in motion,

And heaves like a troubled ocean :
Superstition's gory altar
Feels the shock ; her high priests falter ;
Temples reared by blood and lies,
Where mind is the great sacrifice,
Are tottering ; sceptres, crowns and kings,
With their weak bubbles, all the things
Which men have worship'd, indicate decay,
And haste to nothingness away.

Science her conquering car has driven
Up to the very gates of Heaven,
Made with an ill but divine
The lightning, vanquish'd of her win,
Earth's utmost bounds hath felt her power ;
Her ministers, each day, each hour,
Bear olive branches like the dove,
To heap upon the shrine of love.
Earth's love is overflowing,
Beauty on each blade is glowing ;
The meekest thing beneath our feet
Bears something for affection meet
Young saplings, bounding from her caves
To wander amongst the forest leaves ;

The playful streamlet in a voice to me
Giving utterance to its joys and merriment;
The flowers that glad the solitude;
The minstrel voices of the wood,
In humble eloquence express
Affection, born of loveliness.
Follow nature, but not in books,
Go woo her for her winsome looks,
Array'd in beauty she appears;
But look beneath the robe she wears,
A thousand beauties unseen lie,
Or known but to the prying eye;
And voices, tones, and harmonies;
And exquisite analogies;
And fairy forms, and lessons rare,
Are scatter'd most profusely there.
Nature I love in all her moods,
In concerts as in solitudes;
In youth, O! 'twas a joy to me,
Where ocean roars eternally,
To wander lost in reveries,
As wild, as boundless as her waves,
Streams, torrents, forests, birds, and flowers,
And nature's everlasting tones—
Nay, all God's wondrous universe
I loved; yea, for its loveliness;
And in my bosom dwelt a train
Of raptures I can't feel again.
The spirit's past; with her, methought
Each flower it was with feeling fraught;
I lov'd them; yea, as living things,
And, to my young imagination,

The voices of the winds and waves
 Were living, wandering harmonies,
 And echo answering far away
 Was an attendant sympathy.
 All nature's tones, voices which stole
 In rapture from a living soul,
 Beauty, tho' springing from a clod,
 The temple of a loving God;
 Earth, one wide picture gallery
 Arranged by love and harmony.
 I've seen these creatures all decay,
 And almost cur'd philosophy
 I know that they were weak as vain,
 But cannot e'er love so again.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

THE OLD PRIEST'S TALE.

Father, why pass thy days in woe?
Life's pleasures, comforts, why forego?
No secret vice, no sin, no crime
Can stain a soul so pure as thine;
Then why in melancholy mood
Dost thou so oft seek solitude?
Why shun mankind and ever wear
The lineaments of fixed despair?
Thy virtue, and thine order claim
Respect, unsullied is thy fame.
Cease, cease my child, thou know'st me but
As an old priest: thou know'st me not.
'Twas remorse forced me to assume
The saintly phiz and garb of gloom!
Come listen, while I truly tell
How from a state of bliss I fell.
To weary souls 'tis a relief,
By tales or tears to vent their grief
To some sweet soul of sympathy
Who would not for a world betray.
But I have waded through long years,
Without that sweet resource which cheers
The virtuous; and in secrecy
Have wreath'd my head with misery:
Long I have tried, but tried in vain,
To hunt remembrance from my brain.

And from my weary soul to force
The gnawing demon of remorse;
I've tried repentance, penance, prayer,
But still the gloomy fiend is there,
Gnd mocks me, and will not depart,
Nor grant e'en vacancy of heart.

My native land is far away,
A land of "mists and mountains grey;"
O! gladly would I quit this plain
For her rude rugged rocks again;
The cataract's roar, the thunder's shock,
The eagle screaming on the rock,
E'en in remembrance yield delight,
And waft her glories to my sight.
Tho' fame consecrates Grecian urns,
The land of Wallace and of Burns,
With tenderer ties my heart has bound;
To me 'tis sacred, holy ground.
Her simple songs do please me more
Than lays bedeck'd with classic lore.
When first her strains on my ear stole,
They breath'd an influence o'er my soul,
And bound me with a magic band
To thee, my lov'd, my native land.
I never hear a Scottish strain,
But makes me feel quite young again;
I never hear a native air,
But youthful forms are smiling there.
Yes; forms of love, and hearts of trust
Which time has long laid in the dust,
Again, as of old re-appear,
And claim the throne of a tear.

O ! if in earthly forms there be
Aught which exists eternally ;
O ! if to weary souls is given
A calm, an intellectual heaven,
Where, freed from every earthly pain,
The lov'd, the lost shall meet again,
There let me meet my Helen dear,
Whose death made me a wand'rer here !
I see her as when first we met,
(Tho' 'twere happiness to forget,)
The tartan of the Cameron
Was loosely o'er her shoulders flung ;
Her hair was jet, her forehead high,
And tho' the Celt lurk'd in her eye,
Yet it but added a wild grace
To features of her mountain race ;
Her form to the majestic 'rose ;
Her breast, pure, as her mountain snows ;
Her soul, tho' it had felt few shocks,
Was like the torrent 'mongst her rocks,
Pure, but impetuous, yet was turn'd
To virtue, in her cause it burn'd ;
She knew no creed, yet fear'd away
The eagle hovering o'er his prey.
Hers was the land of rugged forms,
Of danger mid' careering storms,
Which tuned her soul to piety ;
Or reverence of sublimity ;
For she was nature's devotee,
From ev'ry man's worship free.
She had a brother whom she lov'd,
But he our mutual flame receiv'd ;

He tried each art to blight my name,
And triumph'd in my sister's shame;
And ah! methought I could have borne
Torture in its most horrid form;
But this I could not bear, to see
The playmate of mine infancy
Skulk to her tomb, amid the jeers
Of a rude world; the only tears
Were by my widow'd mother given,
Who quickly followed her to heaven.
Love and revenge within my breast
Like demons wrought, I could not rest,
Nor quiet the wild strife within;
My love for her, my hate for him—
And long I paus'd upon a deed!
I ne'er saw human being bleed
Before. But here I cannot dwell;
Enough that by this hand he fell.
I struck him, and I saw him die,
And triumph'd in his agony.
He pray'd for mercy, begged for time
To repent of his horrid crime;
Then talk'd of heaven, if he went there,
He went with an unfinished prayer.
I beheld, with the morning's ray,
My native mountain side away;
I cared not to which spot of earth
The winds might waft me. What's life worth,
When from all that we worship torn?
It matters not to what land borne;
I cannot tell how long I lay
Unconscious of the light of day.

For in my soul there was no room
 For aught, save this stagnant gloom,
 Methought I sought for some lost way,
 And grop'd on in uncertainty,
 At length, the glimmer of a light
 Afar off, struck upon my sight,
 And then it brighten'd into day.
 I 'woke 'mongst shrieks of agony;
 Some lawless rovers of that sea
 Were struggling for the mastery,
 Instantly to the deck I flew,
 Scarce had the carnage met my view,
 When suddenly I found a dart
 Had pierc'd, and seem'd to probe my heart:
 I felt my reason ebb again,
 And with it consciousness of pain.
 At length, strange sounds rung in mine ears,
 Methought my old mother, in tears,
 Came to me; and close by her side
 My lov'd, but now forsaken bride,
 Who, with tears, seem'd to chide my stay,
 And strove to hurry me away.
 I 'woke within the prison'd den
 'Midst revelry of savage men,
 And yet I almost bless'd my fate,
 For I had now grown desperate;
 Here were villains of every clime,
 Whom circumstance had doom'd to crime,
 And I, too, human blood had spill'd;
 A secret consciousness of guilt
 Proclaim'd this dark society,
 The best, fate could have offer'd me

I will not retract years of exile,
 Where precepts human and divine
 Were scorned. Society full well I know
 Influences for weal or woe;
 For mercy long I did my best,
 Then peased, wav'ring, killed like the rest.
 Our Captain, of herculean mould,
 Was fierce, ungovernably bold;
 And tho' his eye seem'd half asleep,
 There was a curl on his lip
 Which spoke a soul used to command;
 And told you he could wield a brand.
 Fear was a feeling he ne'er knew—
 He'd tell the strongest of his crew—
 A word, a murmur, yet a look,
 Instantly met his stern rebuke.
 Ne'er he dreamt of future harm,
 He trusted to his strength of arm;
 He loved me, but he struck me once—
 I thought my very heart would burst—
 'Twas the first time that ere I wept,
 For I would not be tamely whipt.
 In those days pride had promoted me
 To wrestle with a better man;
 I sprung upon him with a yell,
 We wrestled; we together fell;
 Vainly the crew would interpose—
 He struck them from him while he rose;
 Then with a smile his dagger drew,
 While mine forth from his scabbard flew—
 We met in silence, foot to foot,
 I never can forget that look.

The fury of a god it was,
For he had never been so angry before;
I watched the motions of his eyes;
He struck at me, the blade passed by;
For pride and passion maddened him;
I wheel'd and struck him to the heart;
His breast gave one convulsive swell,
"He reeled, he staggered, and he fell."
With a long groan resigned his breath,
Yet looked the demon even in death;
Quickly I seized a boarding brand,
The dagger dropping in my hand;
I've struck a tyrant, and will strike
The first who dares dispute my right;
Yet the men show'd no signs of grief,
But instantly hail'd me their chief;
Mine was a wild, reckless band,
As ever wilded 'gainst sea and land;
And yet a bond of brotherhood
Existed 'mongst the crew of blood;
And at long intervals some spark
Of feeling in their natures dark
Some virtue, rooted firm as fate,
Which crime could not eradicate;
Yes; I have seen the blush of shame
At mention of a mother's name;
Lurking in eyes which looked on crime
Of sanguine hue, as a past time;
He'd cry, while burning tears would start,
I loved her, but I wrong'd her heart;
And to me 'twere sufficient
That she'd ne'er know I was so wicked.

From our long captivity, we were
 We crept into the room, and saw
 To many a wretched man, who lay
 At dead of night, with murder'd air,
 But on each countenance I saw a
 Enough! I saw who reason'd ill.
 But there is one in memory set,
 Death only can make me forget
 Our spies brought home a girl,
 Which vainly strove to court the prize
 She was a home-keeping barque,
 We captured her while yet dark,
 I left my still triumphant band
 Waiting the booty to the land.
 The prize is mine, a Spaniard said,
 I rescued, and will have the maid;
 Then keep her, Spaniard, if thou canst
 (From their deaths thy danger glance)
 She is part of the common pool,
 And must reward each for his toil.
 The trembling captive, pale and mute,
 Stood listening to the fierce dispute,
 Chance threw a dagger in her way,
 Unobserved by those beasts of prey;
 She seized it, put the points to rest,
 By plunging it in her late breast.
 The sound of steel struck on mine ear,
 Then instantly I started near;
 Tho' I had lately learned to kill,
 Somehow by heart I heard ill,
 And there a lovely female lay,
 And life was ebbing from her eye.

Injured, ill-fated thing! I will not now allow
But at the sound of her name my heart
And gazed on her image with a fond
Betrayed a wish that I had never
A something I had seen, and I had loved
And loved, despite of all that I had
Remembrance, that she had been to me
The perished happiness of long years
My love! she said, O man, still the same
That I am, thus beholding thee, and which
Calmly the sorrow of my past
I bore; but thou art not the same
Year after year, and I am not the same
Thy lonely sea-girt dwelling place, and I am not the same
And thus to meet. She slowly sighed,
Then hung on my bosom, and died.

Then suddenly I shut my hand
And wandered many a weary land,
For one wild thought wrought in my brain—
Something, I felt, I strove to gain;
'Twas some point, when reached, I was gone,
Then hardly still I hurried on
I knew not whence, I cared not to where,
So that mine object was but there,
A fury followed in my track,
I could not, dared not to look back;
I cannot, no, I could not tell how long
In that wild mood I hurried on,
At length a female form arose,
Which seemed to pay all my woes—
I grasped it madly, for I thought
This was the very thing I sought.

I woke from my slumber, and found
A Nun who, standing over the bier, said to me
Methought I had a vision of heaven
From Heaven, and that I was betrayed
Since then, my spirit is in quest of
A something, which I cannot find
Hope to this day, though I have sought
The light of heaven, and the gates of gold
You spirit, what could you see
And still the visions of the past,
O'er which a veil is laid, and I
Despite my will, my heart is torn
I gaze upon them with aching eyes
For sorrow and regret, that bring
Yet in my soul, I feel a glow

And this is the story of my life
The first time I saw you, and the last
And now, I am alone, and I
And now, I am alone, and I

And my young bird of beauty is dead
Still, still my heart is torn
E'er I dream, that I see you
For one who is dead
Somehow, I feel that I am
And if I could, I would
Still, still my heart is torn
And like their own, my heart is torn

O the flowers that I saw
For the spell of youth, and the
They were pure as the water, and fresh as the shade
And had birth upon the earth, which never betray
There are flowers in the desert, and on each wild track
On which the foot of the traveler has trod
There are springs of life, and the way we leave with regret
And idols of worship, which we have made

Yes, tho' we are all weary, and laden with woe
There are lovely spots, which are as the flowers of the
Whose heart is as the heart of the flowers, and whose
Yet the feeling is immortal, and never can die.

LINES WRITTEN AT THE TOMB OF

Here lies an **ancient** **man** **of** **God**

Yet he's **rejoiced** **in** **his** **rest**

Though **slaves** **have** **been** **his** **stepping** **stones**

O'er **which** **he** **travell'd** **in** **glory**

And yet the **teiling** **millions** **knew**

And hail'd him as a **hero**

Tho' by their **blood** **his** **name** **was** **rear'd**,

And just a **second** **Nero**.

O that the **teiling** **millions** **knew**

Then would the **crowned** **and** **titled** **few**

From **their** **palaces** **hurry**

There to **stand** **in** **his** **king**

Who he **is** **gloried** **in** **his** **name**

Yet o' each **low** **and** **dimly** **thing**

I'd kneel in **presence** **of** **Great** **God**

In **his** **supplication**

But to **kneel** **to** **a** **brother** **dead**,

I'd **make** **with** **degradation**

How long O **land** **of** **our** **oppress**

How long shall **thy** **dry** **of** **tears**

Did **God** **ordain** **that** **man** **should** **crush**

His **unfeeling** **brother**

The **charge** **would** **aid** **the** **devil** **blast**,

And **stick** **up** **for** **his** **honour**,

And yet we're **gravelly** **said** **by** **man**

O may **that** **be** **forgiven**

When we're **oppress'd** **we** **should** **sing** **dunk**

And for't we'll **get** **to** **heaven**,

But he's **made** **heaven** **of** **this** **earth**,

And **drag'd** **the** **same** **we** **share** **on**;

And **vi** **the** **gun** **and** **bayonet**,

Pu **down** **they** **in** **their** **care** **o'**

THE SCOTCH SONGS

Wit' crimes we deserve retribution,
 Yet for his sake we'll bear the cross;
 Faith a man's heart a man's heart
 Then who would long the heart of a man,
 Because poor is his station:
 'Tis he who bears a species of pain
 That greater to the heart is than
 The heart of a man's heart.

REFLECTIONS ON LEAVING SCOTLAND

I left my dear home with a powerful heart,
 And faced life and ocean a rough career,
 To seek for the future, which he often said,
 In a land far away, where the heart is true.
 I parted from all which my soul does love,
 Three sisters I love, and a brother;
 And memory has sustained the big bounding tear,
 Which burst from the eye of my mother.
 And were it the first after her death that should be,
 How calm could I now think of her well,
 Though reckless I've been, yet all she's not dead,
 In this heart which never ceased to be true.
 O! the sight that she bear'd was a sight which burst forth
 From the inward presence of feeling;
 And still in the midst of wild, sorrowful mirth,
 I list to the voice of her heart.
 From the hill's verdant side I look a look on the scene,
 Of my youngest, my dearest connection;
 When a cloud intercepted the dancing sun beam,
 Like a face with a holy smile on its face.
 And what is existence if not of the sea,
 Which should have all mankind to each other,
 When truth, love, and friendship are the same,
 'Twere better to quit for another.

THE VOICE OF NATURE

With the sun and moon and stars
 Once more upon the hills and dells
 Let me have one long interview
 With nature's beauties ere I die.
 Open the lattice, let the breeze
 Of ocean fan my fever'd cheek;
 Let her awful, eternal voice
 Once more my prison's spell break.

Let me behold the sun go down
 Beyond my highland mountains blue;
 A scene from which to infancy
 I holy inspiration drew.
 E'en then watching thine own depart,
 Big tears a downy cheek would steal,
 Of happy hours, of raptures
 That thou, poor but pure soul,
 Ah! my weak eyes had overpaid
 E'en by that passing faint sunbeam,
 But in spirit I'll follow it
 By lake, by mountain, wood and stream.

O! I have knelt at nature's shrine,
 Four seasons, yet without alloy,
 The while my heart overflowed
 With something deeper than this joy.
 The seasons in their dwelling dance
 In the spring with her fragile form;
 Matron autumn with her golden face,
 And heavy winter with his storm.
 The joyous dwellers of the woods,
 The sportive dancers of the stream,
 The flower-buds when you do see
 Laughing earth's universal green;
 The shadow of the oak, the leaf of the
 The blossoming of the hawthorn,
 The dewy calm, the quietude
 The sweetest music of the world,
 The voice of nature, the voice of God.

The roar of tempests, the roar of
 Of tempests, hurrying along,
 Strain'd my heart, and, when instantly
 Reverberated into song,
 Bring me wild flowers, too, like my hopes;
 They'll perish while their forms are new;
 Aught I ere lov'd, I cherish still,
 Even tho' mad and untrue,
 When all forebode me, these wildings
 I my belov'd companions made:
 My native melancholy they
 Ting'd with a deeper, darker shade.
 I hate not men, tho' demons like
 He's dogg'd my spirit to his goal;
 I love nature, in her temples
 I've had sweet solace of the soul:
 O! I have oft had visions high,
 Of gorgeous worlds, of realms of bliss,
 Hope thither points, yet loth I leave
 A world as beautiful as this.

SONG OF THE WIDOW.

Of my hopes, of my household, I've witnessed the wreck;
 Tho' the last flowerer faded this heart would not break;
 To my soul thou wert sunshine, a garden, a joy,
 O! thy dead father's image, my yellow hair'd boy.
 Thine eyes darted lightning, thy mouth utter'd fire,
 And thy young laughing spirit all pervaded my life;
 With the rose and the lily you'd set from thy cheek,
 O, my child! thou wert dying, why wouldst thou weep?
 And sighs born of sorrow were strong from my breast,
 Where joy with her smiling train long was seated;
 Madness came in fits, and wrings in the brain,
 But so tormented with griefs had I never had the name.
 O! are not these signs of grief, the signs of a sigh?
 And is beauty and mirth not born for to die?
 Is the bark of hope not bound for the wreck?
 And the chain of affection e'er twisted but to break?

O then let me perish! why, why, I had not here,
And in death let me wander with those I held dear—
Soon may our dust mingle in the silent tomb,
And our souls where angels are immortally bloom.

THE SAGE.

I've floated down the stream of time
And gas'd upon life's rugged shore,
And mark'd those scenes of blood and crime,
Which all must witness who explore.
I've seen the bigot at his shrine
How! praises to an imag'd God,
I've tasted of the bliss sublime
Which pure philosophy bestow'd.
I've studied men, I've scan'd the world,
Which is but one wide battle-field
Where luxury has her flag unfurl'd,
Where virtue's war-ship must yield.
I've seen the holy men of God
Combine to smother human thought,
In anguish I've exclaim'd aloud,
Setting their thirings on a thought.
Shall man for aye be bound to earth
By man in a tyrannic chain?
Did nature stamp us brute at birth?
Were freedom's battles fought in vain?
Shall mind, which weans our souls from earth
Be tramp'd by the paltry few?
And virtue, talent, genius, worth,
Be strangled by the damned crew?
And must the industrious millions still
Eat of the breadman's bitter bread,
And happiness hang on the will
Of such as from which all feeling's dead?
Must the poor wretched man of earth
Be a slave to the few who rule,
Whom yet we deem a sacred crew,
While their oppressors are the hell crew.

ADDRESS TO SCIENCE

At thy command a race shall rise
Link'd in the bands of harmony,
Adorn'd with all the gorgeous dyes
Of pure, divine philosophy—

When vice with he chattering wiles,
And crime, shall have forever gone—
When sorrow's cheek will assume smiles,
And misery be a name unknown—

Long has this lovely world of ours
Been shrouded in a monkish gloom,
But mind shall rip the poisonous flowers,
And smile o'er superstition's tomb.

The tyrant's arm shall lose its might,
The captive bid his chains farewell,
And priestly power shall take its flight,
And knowledge quench the tiger's hell.

Never till priestly power departs,
And wrinkled superstition dies,
Shall virtue smile o'er union'd hearts,
And earth become a paradise.

